

A CRITICAL SITUATION

An Unarmed Man Runs Up Against a Big Tiger.

BOTH SOMEWHAT SURPRISED

The Man Keeps Perfectly Still and After Much Sniffing and Snuffing the Tiger Walks Calmly Away.

We were breaking camp about 9 o'clock in the morning, having waited for a fog to be dispersed by the sun, when a serpent, concealed in the grass, struck at my horse's nose and sent him off in a great fright. I ran after him down the path and over the nullah or creek. On the other side of the creek the forest was thick and the ground very hard. I presently came to a spot where the path branched. The left hand one led round a hill of considerable size, while the other continued to ascend. I could find no hoof marks to guide me, and after a moment's wait took the right hand track.

It was 15 minutes before I reached the crest of the hill. The path took a sharp turn to the left. It had to do on account of a great mass of rock blocking the way. Bushes were growing upon the rocks and shading the earth, and the instant my eyes lighted on the spot I stopped dead still. That was a capital lair for a tiger, says Pearson's Weekly.

The thought had scarcely flashed across my mind when the wind brought me a peculiar odor. I had scented that odor twice before, and my heart gave a jump as if it would escape. I was there without even a knife. I had probably been standing thus two minutes, seeing nothing, but stupefied, as it were, with peril, when a full grown male tiger emerged from a den in the rocks. He was a big one and a beauty. As he reached the path he was not over eight feet from me and fairly in the light. He stood looking at me for half a minute, and then sat down on his haunches like a dog.

I had made an early call on a king of the forest. The king was at home to receive me. I could see and hear and reason, but if I had had an offer of all the gold in the world I could not have lifted a foot off the ground. My hands were hanging down beside me, and I remember that my fingers felt as one's toes do when the foot is "asleep."

Sniff! Sniff! Growl! It was not a menacing growl, but rather one of inquiry. The king was no doubt surprised, but he was not angry. I did not look him in the eye. To have done that would have been to provoke him. I looked aside, but could not detect his every movement.

More sniffing and snuffing and then he lay down to watch me. For a long minute he gazed at me and then began purring like a cat. Pretty soon he rubbed his shoulder against a rock, and then he turned over on his back and began hitching and rubbing as you have seen a dog do in play. He lay for half a minute with his four feet stretching up like so many sticks, and then suddenly turned over with two or three low growls. I said to myself that it was possible he would go away, and yet there was fear that his curiosity would bring him down to me. If he came I would shut my eyes and try to remain quiet, but the thought of a tiger snuffing away at my hands and feet made me feel as cold as ice.

Sniff! Sniff! Growl! He couldn't make me out. There was no resemblance to any animal of the forest, and no man had ever walked into his presence before. He began purring and rubbing again, stretched and yawned, and finally stood in an attitude of attention and looked up the path. After an interval of a few seconds he turned and stared at me.

That was the critical instant. If I had been forced to sneeze or cough, if I had raised an arm or a foot he would have been upon me like a flash. I looked past him and did not even wink. He turned and then walked up the path and out of sight without looking back. He was going up to the nullah to slake his thirst. I counted 300 after he was out of sight, and then tottered away.

"Great heavens! What has happened?" demanded my companions as I reached camp and dropped in a heap.

"Nothing, except that I have been calling on a tiger."

On his way to the nullah the tiger encountered my horse and, whether hungry or not, he killed the beast with one stroke of his terrible paw, and left the body lying where it fell.

WISDOM OF THE ELEPHANT.

He Knows When He Has Been Swindled and Vigorously Resents It.

One day, says a writer of English military experiences, a heavy gun stuck in the muddy bottom of a stream and the tandem elephant was unhooked to shove behind, or lift the muzzle of the gun with his trunk. But he would not; he only belched and swayed uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other in the sticky mud. At last, with piteous shrill trumpeting, he touched the sharp point of the iron right on the muzzle. "He says he is afraid of hurting himself, sahib," explained the mahout. "Well," answered the officer in jest, "tell him to speak the wheel."

"Promise him backsheesh, sahib, and he will." "Very well." The elephant carefully found a secure footing, curled his trunk around a lower spoke, and made the wheel revolve. Then the shaft elephant put in his ponderous weight and the gun slowly rose out of the mud and rolled up the opposite bank.

The triumphant mahout demanded backsheesh for his Hooshar flatti (wise elephant). "You scamp! You want the backsheesh for yourself." "No, sahib, I dare not cheat him, and if you don't give him backsheesh he will remember you are no gentleman and will never work for you again." "All right," said the officer, tossing the man a couple of rupees in succession. "How shall I know you don't cheat him?" "Come and see him feed this evening, sahib."

That evening by moonlight the officer was summoned to see Hooshar flatti eat his supper. The elephant was swaying to and fro, fanning himself with a branch, and round the fire stood a huge chupatties—flat cakes of flour, butter, and sugar—purchased with the backsheesh for the Hooshar's supper. The mahout took up one of these cakes and offered it to the "wise one," who weighed it carefully in his trunk and then deposited it, with a satisfied smack, in his raw-looking mouth. "Now, sahib, this second chupattie is light weight. See him find it out."

The elephants are accustomed to a certain ration weight, and when the hooshar took this cake by the edge an angry

twinkle came into his wicked little eye, and, quick as lightning, he slapped the mahout in the face with the feathery mass. "See, sahib," cried the man in glee, "I dare not cheat him!" And he picked himself up and offered a larger chupattie. "Here, you foolish one! Did I ever cheat you? This one is overweight." The elephant understood and ate in forgiving tranquility.

A BIRD HUNTING PIG.

She Was Just as Reliable as Any Well Bred Pointer in the Field.

The following from an exchange illustrates a pig's intelligence:

We call pigs stupid creatures. This is not fair. They are really as intelligent as the majority of domestic animals, but the lives we allow them are too short and their opportunities too few for them to show their abilities to advantage. The pig of which I have more particularly to tell was by no means a handsome specimen, but what she wanted in beauty she made up in intelligence.

As a baby pig she belonged to a person named Toomer, and she was raised with a family of young pointer puppies. She took kindly to her playfellows, and when they became old enough to follow the keeper in his walks she too would come trotting and grunting after. When Mr. Toomer began to train his young charges for the work of finding and pointing out game there was danger that piggy might make mischief. But the keeper would not leave her shut up at home. He had, he said, broken many dogs as obstinate as pigs and could surely break a pig that was so much more tractable than the rest of her kind.

So he taught her to "back"—that is, to stand perfectly still whenever a dog had found game and was pointing at it. To teach her this he used both rewards and punishments; when she did wrong he pelted her with tiny stones, for he could not catch her and chastise her as he did naughty puppies, and when she behaved herself well he had always barley meal pudding in his pocket for her. But this was not all. He discovered that piggy, like many other pigs, had a keen sense of smell. She learned to scent the game and point it for herself, but not quite like a dog. A pointer dog when he has found game stands generally with one of his forepaws held up until his master comes to him. Piggy, as soon as she was sure that she had found a partridge or a hare or a rabbit, would drop on her knees and so remain for five minutes if necessary. Unfortunately, before her schoolmaster had time to teach her any further accomplishments he died. His widow sent piggy to a man with whom she lived for three years. But, alas! piggy did not escape the common doom of pigs. In the end she was shut in a sty, fattened and made into bacon, as all her ancestors had been before her.

DEATH OF THE CAPTIVE EAGLE.

The Last Days of the Bird Would Furnish a Theme for Poets.

The captive eagle of the Ramapos died Wednesday, Oct. 10—five days after his capture and seven days after the bullet wound was given him by Mr. Pitt while on the wing.

It is believed that until the last the bird had the ability to fly, though he could not start from the ground with his badly crippled leg and foot.

This was a real American eagle, the semblance of which is upon our banners and our gold and silver coin of antebellum days.

During the days of his captive life he posed from time to time in all the attitudes that have been recorded of the bird by poet's pen and artist's pencil.

His keeper, Lawyer Guernsey, says that none but a poet with the sentiment of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes could adequately describe the captive days and last hours of the stoical bird.

The first three or four days of his captivity, which began the third day after he was wounded, the bird appeared with all the noble bearing, the flashing eye, and grandeur of his nature.

He stoically refused to eat or drink and did not seem to try to escape from his prison—a large dry goods box, with wooden bars across one side of it.

A few hours before his death he turned his back to the light and sat down with firm set head, open eyes, and partly folded wings to meet his fate, says the *Suffern Independent*.

A slight tremor was observable at times, then there were slight, slow and graceful spasmodic movements of the loosely folded wings, as if in flight. In the delirium of stale starvation he was again soaring above the valleys, above the mountain peaks and crags, above the storms and clouds, in the bright sunshine, circling higher and higher, unmindful of prison bars and of the pains and dangers of this earthly habitation. At his last breath he had turned his head sideways, with one bright open eye upward, and thus ceased to breathe, and became at once rigid as wood, with his plumage in clean and graceful order to the end. He had taken his last flight on high, and left the world and its pains and dangers forever.

AN EMPTY GLOVE.

An empty glove—long withering in the grass of time's cold palm. I lift it to my lips, And, lo, once more I thrill beneath its clasp. In fancy, as with odorous finger-tips, It reaches from the years that used to be, And proffers back love, life and all, to me.

Ah! Beautiful she was beyond belief: Her face was fair and lustrous as the moon's; Her eyes—too large for small delight or grief—The smiles of them were laughter's after-noons; Their tears were April showers, and their love—All sweetest speech swoons ere it speaks thereof.

White-fruited cocoa shone against the shell: Were not so white as were her brow below The eleven tresses of the hair that fell Across her neck and shoulders of nude snow; Her cheeks—chased pallor with a crimson stain—Her mouth was like a red rose rinsed with rain.

And this was she my fancy held as good—As fair and lovable—in every wise As peerless in pure worth of womanhood—As was her wondrous beauty in men's eyes. Yet all alone I kiss this empty glove—The poor husk of the hand I loved—and love.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Music in Their Souls.

From the Troy Times. The Chinese boast that they have books 3,000 years old on the art of warfare—and they evidently have been depending on them for their instruction in the art. One of the principal rules laid down in one of these books is the following: "Spread in the camp of the enemies voluptuous musical airs to soften their hearts." The whistling of bullets to the accompaniment of booming cannon will have a better effect upon any enemies camp than the voluptuous strains of Chinese music, unless the Chinese play bagpipes.

HOLLAND'S GIRL QUEEN.

Only 14, but she has Palaces and Millions of subjects.

Showing in her features a marked resemblance to her great-grandfather, William I., who ruled over both Belgium and Holland, conscious of her royal prerogatives that no other girl in the world possesses, little Wilhelmina is, nevertheless, a gracious, lovely and lovable miss of 14. All of her kingdom has just been celebrating the anniversary of her birthday. The "Kunhaus do sloven Ingu les baïes" at The Hague was transformed into a palace of beauty. The tricolors of the country floated from galleries and balconies, while underneath these were garlands of the choicest flowers.

There was a grand feast prepared for the children of The Hague—a gigantic Christmas tree, which showers presents upon waiting children. There was a grand march and a ball for the little ones, who looked picturesquely beautiful as they moved in and out among the wreaths of flowers and colored lights cast the colour de rose on the scene. Although she is queen over 750,000 square miles and the ruler over 32,000,000 souls, little Wilhelmina's life is taxed with much hard study and many restrictions at present. Her mother, queen regent, sways the scepter. In the hearts of her people Wilhelmina is, however, the object of their most intense love. She is really the idol of Holland when she rides out in her carriage, as is her custom when living in her palace at The Hague, her smiles, which she bestows on all, rich and poor alike, are appreciated as a great boon.

Among her other possessions she has no fewer than seven palaces. One of these is in Amsterdam. It was presented first to King Louis Napoleon as a residence in 1805. The magnificence of the decorations, paintings, sculpture and furnishings is almost oppressive in its grandeur. There is also a palace called "The House in the Wood." It was erected in 1647 for Princess Amelia, widow of Prince Frederick Henry of Orange and son of William the Silent. Two rooms are entirely furnished with magnificent oriental furniture. They comprise presents given by the empresses of Japan and China. In the Chinese room is some tapestry of rice paper of the 18th century.

With all this wealth and glory the prospect is that the disposal of the affections of her heart will not be given to Queen Wilhelmina as her undisputed right. The most humble servant in the kingdom is, in that particular, richer than she. Already diplomatic arrangements are being undertaken for the disposal of her hand in marriage when she has come to her majority. There is quite a plain looking edifice to which Queen Emma, the queen regent now, will be obliged to retire as the queen dowager then. Queen Emma is most highly esteemed, but the love seems to be all centered on their child, Queen Wilhelmina. Her picture adorns the postage stamp, the coin, the windows, and, above all, her sweetness of disposition remains unalloyed by all this unprecedented adulation in the life of any child of this present era. She is now with her mother at Lustdick palace.

Launders for Nobility.

Neighbor—How did your daughter's marriage with that foreign count turn out? Mrs. Brickrow—Her last letter from Europe states that he has spent all her money, and she is taking in washing; but then, I presume, she washes only for the nobility.—*New York Weekly*.



Chronic Nervousness

Could Not Sleep, Nervous Headaches.

Gentlemen—I have been taking your Restorative Nervine for the past three months and I cannot say enough in its praise. It has

Saved My Life, for I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was a chronic sufferer from nervousness and could not sleep. I was also troubled with nervous headache, and had tried doctors in vain, until I used your Nervine. MRS. M. WOOD, Ringwood, Ill.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 per bottle, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



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